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BY FRANK P. MACLENNAN

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TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL INFORMATION BUREAU,
Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

The railroad shopmen appear inclined to accept President Wilson's award in the matter of an increase of wages. It now becomes interesting to know what he will do regarding the demands of the brotherhoods. The flat advance in pay asked for by the brotherhoods amounts to $800,000,000, which is increased to approximately $1,200,000,000 when overtime pay is included. That amount is about 100 per cent of all previous increases granted since the rails have been under federal control. Tremendous increases in both passenger and freight rates have failed to meet the labor demands already agreed to, and money paid into the treasury by the people in the shape of exorbitant taxes has been drawn upon to meet the deficit. If we have had to resort to such extremes to satisfy the demands of the brotherhoods up to this time, what is the country to do when those demands have been doubled? The president may surrender to the employes and grant what they ask. If so, the money must be raised by increased taxes or an increase in rates. The sum is so enormous that either method would be immediately felt by the people. The cost of living would go up to unprecedented heights with a bound. Could operation of the roads by the owners have brought matters to a worse condition than now exists?

Congress is trying to keep the president at the capital. If it succeed the Kansas legislature may try out the plan on our governors.

"The right of self determination of peoples" is a high sounding phrase and one that tickles the ear of the populace but the United States fought a four years' war in opposition to that principle.

An official of the United States treasury takes the people to task for their extravagance and attributes high prices to reckless spending. But where is there greater extravagance than in the administration of public affairs?

The United States has become one of the great rice producing countries of the world. This comparatively new industry has grown out of a system peculiar to this country of producing rice in a manner in which modern machinery can be utilized in planting, cultivation and harvesting, instead of the crude methods by which it is produced in the Orient. The quantity of rice passing out of our ports to foreign countries and our non-contiguous territories in the fiscal year 1918 was 336,000,000 pounds as against 163,000,000 pounds in the year before the war. The rice crop of the United States was 23,649,000 bushels in 1914, and, according to the latest estimates of the department of agriculture, will be 42,457,000 bushels in 1919.

We often hear references to a "big cheese," but Armour has turned out one that weighs 21,964 pounds.

Senator Kenyon and one or two extremists in the senate who follow his lead have been making a great ado regarding an intensive campaign of propaganda that is progressing to "scare off" support of the Kenyon bill to place the packing industry under what virtually would be federal control. The packers thru their association admit that they are undertaking to enlighten the people as to what the measure would mean, not only to the packing industry itself, but to stockgrowers and the consumers of meat products as well. But when it comes to the Kenyon crowd charging that witnesses and newspapers have been bought up by the packers it is time to demand proof.

Labor unions which resort to strikes in order to establish the "closed" shop, may some day find more closed shops than they want.

WAGES HIGH AND LOW.

Samuel Crowther, writing in the World's Work, believes that more attention should be paid to the result of a man's work and less to the high cost of living. If there be production in return for a wage then the cost of living will take care of itself.

The curious part of it all, he says, is that in most discussions of wages, what the man does for a wage is seldom considered, while page after page of testimony is taken as to how much it costs to live, altho it must be self evident that so long as we work under a wage system, if production be not returned for wages, then a living wage can never exist. Inevitably a wage paid, which is not wholly earned, must be added into the price of the finished product and eventually raise the price of all products, so that when the wage earner goes to buy he is bound to find his money insufficient.

Wages are high when they do not result in production; they are low—no matter how many dollars are contained in them—if they give production. The union between wages and production is inseparable, but it is neglected by nearly all employers and by most employes. There is somehow an idea, regardless of all the facts, that a particular job is worth just so much and no more. Hence we have what is called the market rate, which in turn varies according to the demand, as compared with the supply of labor.

But the best employers of the country have long since given up any idea that there is such a thing as a market rate for labor. There is no market rate for professional men above a certain grade, there is no market rate for surgical operations, or for good portrait painting.

"Whether wages will stay up or come down," says this writer, "does not depend upon the employers, or upon Mr. Gompers, or upon any other group in the world. The particular number of counters used is not of the slightest importance anyway. Wages are too high when they do not give production. They are too low not when they do not support life, but when the return to the employer is higher than it should be. This is a very indefinite statement, but the whole matter of wages is indefinite because it gets down to particular cases, and the balance between labor and capital is not a thing which can be decided except in the crudest manner by national boards for it is largely a matter of individual brains. Nationally fixed wages promote sloppy production and inevitably raise prices."

LABOR'S CHANGING VIEW.

Apparently labor leaders are beginning to see the effect of high wages on the cost of living and are calling a halt in the effort to keep the endless chain of increased wages and increased prices from continuing to revolve. W. S. Stone, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers for instance, has come out with the declaration that "a decrease in the cost of living is far more essential to the general welfare at this time than an increase in wages." Mr. Stone insists that there must be a halt because wage increases cannot be kept up continuously to keep pace with prices.

Pointing in the same direction is a resolution passed by employes of the Midvale Steel & Ordnance company, the Cambria Steel company and their subsidiary companies, without a dissenting voice, at a meeting in Atlantic City. The resolution follows:

Whereas, the high cost of living needs to be abated by diligent, efficient and conscientious labor, by thrift and by avoidance of waste and extravagance; and whereas the price of commodities is regulated by the day's labor or a man and the real unit of value or the unit of compensation is not a dollar but the purchasing price of a dollar, and that the price of all things, meaning the average price of everything we use and consume, which is commonly referred to as the average price of commodities, is fixed, regulated, raised or lowered by the average compensation received for one hour's work by every man and every woman; and whereas we believe the only sure remedy for the high cost of living is increased production and the stabilization of prices in conformity with wages now being paid; and whereas we believe any workman who demands a greater proportionate return for his labor than his fellow workmen in other lines are getting is as guilty of profiteering as a grocer who charges exorbitant prices for the necessities of life, and that increases in wages paid to certain classes of workers by the government or others will result in higher prices being set by the profiteers for the necessities of living to all purchasers alike.

It is resolved that the persistent and unceasing demand of workmen employed in all classes and kinds of industries for a shorter day's work and an increased wage in order to meet the present high cost of living is uneconomic and unwise and should not be encouraged; that private monopolies should be controlled and profits restricted to a rate that shall be fair to the consumer; that unnecessary exports of food and clothing be restricted and that all stores of hoarded supplies be uncovered and placed in the open market; that copies of this resolution be forwarded to the president of the United States, to the senators in congress from Pennsylvania and to the congressmen of the various districts in which are located the various plants of the Midvale Steel & Ordnance company, and to the state and municipal authorities, to the end that they may by all the powers and means to them available endeavor to bring about normal conditions, with special privileges to none, but justice to all, and sure and swift retribution for those who may attempt to profiteer in the necessities of life.

Senator Kenyon's bill providing for government control of the meat packing industry should be entitled: A bill to ruin livestock growers, wreck the packing industry, raise prices and lower service.

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL INFORMATION BUREAU

FREDERIC J. HASKIN, Director, Washington, D. C.

FIVE THOUSAND LIVES SAVED.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 30.—The American public is accustomed to newspaper stories of mining disasters with headlines announcing hundreds of lives lost.

A new headline has been written over the mining accidents of the past decade by the Bureau of Mines, according to Director Manning. He claims that the rescue and mine safety work of the bureau has saved five thousand lives since the Bureau of Mines was founded in 1910.

The death rate in coal mines is still high. In every camp of a thousand miners there are three who will have been killed in mining accidents before a year has elapsed, and more than two hundred who will have been injured. There are more than a million men working in the mines of America and they face a casualty rate as uniform and certain as that of any detachment at the battle front, and much higher than that of some military units in action.

Director Manning cites convincing figures to show that the Bureau of Mines has greatly reduced this casualty rate by means of its mine rescue cars, one of which it operates in each mining district in the United States. These cars are rushed to all disasters. Between accidents, they go about the country giving lessons to the miners in mine rescue work. The result is that practically every mining camp in the country has its team of trained rescue workers, fully equipped with oxygen tanks and first air apparatus. The days of panic and wasted energy in case of accident is over. When a cave-in or an explosion occurs now, the work of rescue and of resuscitation is often carried thru as systematically and effectively as the digging of coal.

Director Manning claims that the death rate in mines can be reduced another 50 per cent, and he is going to make an elaborate effort to impress the importance of mine rescue work upon the miners, the mine operators and the public in general, when the new Pittsburgh laboratory of the bureau of mines is dedicated at the end of this month.

The bureau of mines has had a laboratory in Pittsburgh ever since the bureau was founded. The laboratory is now moving into a new million dollar building, with greatly increased equipment and facilities. Miners and mining men from all over the United States will attend the dedication. One hundred of the best mine rescue teams in the United States will hold a great elimination contest for medals and prizes.

Incidentally, this new laboratory will be a notable addition to what the people of Pittsburgh claim is one of the greatest aggregations in technological laboratories and other facilities in the United States. The University of Pittsburgh, the Carnegie Museum, and the Carnegie Institute of Technology are all near the bureau of mines laboratory. Taken all together, these organizations constitute a really great university of its kind.

The bureau laboratory includes the only experimental mine in the world, and this fully equipped mine will be the scene of two very spectacular coal dust explosions during the dedication ceremonies. These explosions are not given for idle amusement, but to impress upon miners and the public the fact that coal dust, or any other dust containing carbon, is a dangerous explosive.

Its proof and advertisement of the fact that coal dust causes dangerous explosions is an achievement of the bureau of mines hardly less important than its mine rescue work.

Before the bureau was founded, while it was known to scientists that fine dust containing carbon would explode, practical mining men scouted the idea that explosions in coal mines were really caused by the accumulation of dust. Their scepticism led to enormous loss of life. Back in 1907, for example, there were four great mine explosions in rapid succession, which killed 800 men, and none of them could be adequately explained on the ground that explosive dust had accumulated in the mine. It was this series of holocausts which led to the creation of the bureau of mines. Congress realized that unless something was done coal mining would become such a hazardous occupation that men would not enter it. So, after three years of cogitation and debate, a bill was passed creating the bureau of mines.

The bureau experts demonstrated that coal dust is an explosive by exploding some in a steel tube at the Pittsburgh laboratory. But the hard-headed mining man was still skeptical. He said that such an explosion could be produced in a steel tube, but not in a mine.

"All right," said the scientists, "we will build a little mine of our own and show you."

So the experimental mine was brought into being, and coal dust explosions were staged which convinced the most skeptical of mine operators that he was killing men by not controlling the dust. Ever since then, the bureau has been pulling off explosions from time to time, so that the miners will not forget that coal dust explodes. This work has led incidentally to the establishment of the fact that the dust in flour mills and in corn-product mills is also explosive, and has resulted in measures being taken to prevent explosions of this kind, which had before been regarded as mysteries.

The new mines laboratory includes an airtight room which can be flooded with any of the poisonous gases which endanger life in mines, so that gas masks and oxygen tanks can be demonstrated. This room is fitted up just like a man, with a track, car and other obstructions found in real mines.

After an explosion or a cave-in, it is often the poisonous gases which endanger the miners' lives. Many have lost their lives when trying to find their way out. The bureau now advises miners to barricade themselves into corners and so to keep the poisonous gases away until help reaches them. Recently four men thus lived entombed for four days, surrounded by poisonous gases which could not reach them. When they were finally reached by a rescue crew, they were able to walk out of the mine, very weak but otherwise uninjured.

At this dedication ceremony will be told the story of "Safety First." The bureau of mines claims credit for this phrase, which has now become an idiom of the language. Slogans such as "Safety ahead of production" were used by a steel company before the bureau came into existence, but "Safety First" was coined by the bureau officials and by them advertised until it has become one of the most widely known slogans of American industry.

The safety of miners is of course not the only subject which is investigated in this laboratory. The bureau is carrying on a number of technical mining experiments all the time. Two of the most important lines of work have to do with the burning of coal and the extraction of oil from the ground. The economical use of coal, both in factories and in homes, by proper firing and by using the right kinds of grates, has been preached by the bureau for years, and it is still making experiments in that line.

With only enough oil in sight to last a few years, its work in connection with the oil wells is even more important. A large amount of oil is left in the ground by reason of faulty boring and pumping, and the bureau is experimenting in better methods of doing both these things.

Little Benny's Note Book

By Lee Pape

Mary Watkins had a berthday yestidday, being 9 going on 10, getting so meny presents that wen she put them all on a table for peeple to see, some of them allmost fell off, and today I rote a pome about it as follows:

Herray herray herray herray!
Lets all ack merry and dance erround gay!
A grate fack in histery happened yestidday!
Mary Watkins was 9 yeers old
And in all sorts of weather hot and cold
Weather she studies or weather she plays
She will stay that age 264 more days.
days.
A yeer ago yestidday she was ixackly 8
And to stay that way for 12 munths she couldent ixcape her fate.
One yeer frum yestidday she'll be exackly 10
And if you think she's pritty now, jest wate to see her then!
She's had a berthday every yeer sints when she ferst began
So she'll somberly keep on having as meny as she can.
And if she lives 95 yeers more
She will be ixackly 104
And all who see her then will pine—
"How diffrent she is frum wen she was 9."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. What has become of Victor Murdock? T. H. C.

A. Victor Murdock, one time Republican member of congress from Kansas, and leader of the Progressive revolt in congress, is now a member of the Federal Trade Board, having been appointed to that position by President Wilson.

Q. Is a whale a fish?—W. S. A.

A. A whale is not a fish but a mammal. It is a warm-blooded animal which suckles its young and therefore of the same family as the cow and other familiar land creatures.

Q. Is an alien prohibited from becoming a citizen of the United States if he obtained exemption from draft on grounds of alienage?—N. M.

A. An alien who claimed exemption from service in the United States army or navy during the war on grounds of his status as an alien is forever disqualified from becoming an American citizen.

Q. Is the Pacific Ocean higher than the Atlantic at the Panama Canal?—F. Y.

A. There is no actual difference in the mean sea level of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans at the canal, but the difference in tides at the two ends of the canal is about eighteen feet. This is due to the shape of the Bay of Panama which causes the tide on the Pacific side to rise to a maximum of ten feet above the average sea level. On the Atlantic side the tide rises only two feet.

Q. What is the organization of the Soviet government of Russia?—S. G.

A. The Russian Soviet government consists of three bodies, the All-Russian congress, the executive committee, and the cabinet or council of people's commissars. Delegates to the congress are elected by each district or city soviet. The congress meets every three months in Moscow, the sessions lasting about ten days or two weeks. The executive committee is elected by the congress. The cabinet is elected by the executive committee and is responsible for this body.

Q. Has the fate of Lot's wife ever been explained?—D. I.

A. The usual explanation is that by lingering near the city, she was covered by descending brimstone, finally cooled, and left the figure in the form of a pillar. In the region of the Dead Sea there is a pillar of chrystallized salt sixty feet high which is pointed out by the native as the remains of Lot's wife.

Q. What is vers libre?—N. K.

A. Vers libre means free verse, or verse which is not restricted by laws of poetic rhythm. Writers using this form claim that the resulting product is more spontaneous and expresses their emotions better than verse which is bound by rhyme and meter.

Q. What is the province of the General Staff?—N. C. T.

A. The general staff does the thinking and planning for the army. It studies the military necessities for instance, and makes recommendations as to the size of the army that shall be maintained and estimates the cost. The general staff planned and executed the draft, worked out the supply system for the army. It has nothing to do, however, with the fighting army of the front.

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing the Topeka State Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose 2-cent stamp for return postage. No fee. All replies are sent direct to the inquirer.)

The George Matthew Adams Daily Talk

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL.

No royal road to success? Why, the road to success is a royal one all the way!

All you have to do is to keep your eye on the ball—and work.

And here is the way that it works out:

Edison, worldwide known as an electrician; Ford, the greatest automobile maker of them all; Woolworth, master of millions, from nickel and dime sales; Schwab, giant steel maker and handler of men—

These men were all poor boys at the start. They kept their eye on the ball and worked and worked. And they inspired others to work with them.

I recently read a very interesting article by a man who explained the secret of the success of his great concern, which makes daily sales of millions of dollars. And this is what he said: "I consider it a supreme test of good management never to forget fundamentals." And he believed that a firm should stick to the line that had made it successful.

The really fundamental thing in all business—and life—is to keep your eye on the ball. For of yiu do not, the other fellow is going to get it and you are out of the game.

Concentrate your efforts upon the thing at hand—it's your ball—keep your eye on it!

Leadership is not an affair handed over to one—it is something acquired and earned. And a man is only capable of handling that which, thru stress and storm he has learned to master.

Another one of the great importants of winning is this: keep your eye on YOUR OWN ball—not on that of the other fellow!

EVENING STORY

The Nickel Lady.

BY IZOLA FORRESTER.

Stubs named her that the very first day she appeared in the square and passed out nickels to those youngsters who were lucky enough to please her.

Stubs and Mariska saw her first. Peaceably enough they were offering advice to the old man who cleaned out the dry leaves from the fountain. It was the sure mark of summer time when they started up the fountain, and the children regarded it as the signal for celebration. Mariska was like a wind-blown leaf herself, skinny, brown, light-footed, twirling and dancing in her wisp of a made-over coat, with a red crocheted "Tam" dangling over one ear.

"If you'll just stand still for a minute I'll give you a nickel," the girl called to her, as she stood with a little pad and pencil by the edge of the circular walk around the fountain. And Mariska took up the offer instantly, standing like some little statuette on the rim of cement, with a huge urn of blooming tullips, lifting behind her.

Stubs eyed the proceedings with alert suspicion, but as he managed to edge about and get a look at the sketch the girl was making of Mariska, he approved, and from that first day he had championed the cause of the "Nickel Lady," as they all named her.

One evening he met her on Second avenue in the rain. There are degrees of social status about Stuyvesant square that are quite as peculiar and as rigidly drawn as those around Washington square. Along its far western and northern boundaries it is exclusive and undemonstrative, but the park itself on its other side is a flowerbed of youngsters on summer days. And they had their favorites besides the "Nickel Lady," foremost of all the "White Doctor."

He was young and always dressed in white, and when his ambulance would swing across Second avenue he never failed to wave in answer to Stubs's greeting and the rest of the "bunch." They did not know his name, only that twice when there had been accidents in the neighborhood he had "been on the job," as Stubs said, and had saved the liver of two of their playmates.

Therefore Stubs honored him and when the "Nickel Lady" hesitated laughingly as the rain beat down upon her and before he would stop her, had slipped across the street under the very wheels of the huge gray mail car, the first thing he thought of was the "White Doctor." He stuck by her when the crowd gathered, and it was he, too, who got Bandy Moran and Chico to carry her to the sidewalk where she lay still and white until Stubs led the way into Moran's barber shop, where he also had a "drag," as he expressed it, with Odiosky, the little calm-eyed owner.

When the ambulance swung around the corner and the "White Doctor" jumped down, Stubs explained the situation to him briefly.

"I'm her best friend around here," he said loftily. "Is she hurt much, Doc?"

Skillfully Rex Fuller knelt beside the slender figure, making his examination. Stubs almost held his breath until he looked up with a little smile and nodded cheerfully.

"Just shaken up and suffering from shock, old man," he told him. "What's her name and where does she live?"

Stubs scratched his head doubtfully. He didn't know. Neither did Mariska, nor Banty, nor any of the "bunch" hanging around mournfully. She was just the "Nickel Lady." So they took her up to the hospital, and Stubs made his arrangement with the doctor to visit her as her "nearest friend."

That night when she lay conscious for the first time, Rex waited until the nurse had gone down the ward, before he asked her the necessary questions to fill in her card. Not a word about Stubs and all he had told him of her, of the nickels she gave away, and the sketches she made of the square's youngsters.

Her name was Phyllis Truax, she told him. She lived on the west side of the square, just around the corner of Sixteenth street. Alone in New York and unmarried, an artist by profession. That was all, only when Stubs came to visit, she sent him after stationery so she could write a few letters, and he noted they all required out of town postage.

"You and mg've got to stand by her, Doc," he told Rex out in the corridor, and Rex agreed to do his part.

Three weeks she stayed there, the first rest since she had come to the city, and every day up in the beautiful roof solarium Rex sat with her, according to his promise to Stubs. But the day before she left she had another visitor. He was very confident when he first met her, but she sat with drooping lashes as he talked, and finally she said something to him, and after he had gone she smiled at Rex somewhat anxiously.

"I'm a perfect fraud, doctor," she said. "You won't care for me a bit any more, or Stubs or Mariska or anybody. I'm not just a stray artist stranded in New York. I'm a regular person with a home and family and plenty of money, and I've just refused half a million more. I'm afraid I'm spoiled for that sort of thing. You've been so wonderful to me up here, I think I'll be a nurse."

"You will not," he told her sternly. "In the first place you're not strong enough to train, and in the second I promised Stubs to look after you. If you had not known that I would, why did you send away the half a million chap?"

Stubs was on his way to visit her, with two large straggly red carnations he had managed to bargain for, but when he caught sight of the "White Doctor" bending over the "Nickel Lady," with unmistakable proprietorship, he stopped and turned his back. At least he knew when it was time to umpire the game over to the winner.

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DINNER STORIES

Captain Libaire was particularly sensitive about his hearing. He was deaf, or at least the members of the board believed such to be the case. One morning, Fred Rook, a fellow member, who was hard up, said to Libaire:

"Captain, won't you please lend me $100 until Saturday?"

Libaire, placing his auricular appendage in his left hand, asked, "What was that you said, Rook?"

Fred answered: "I asked you to lend me a couple of hundred dollars until Saturday."

The captain flashed back: "You said a hundred a minute ago, and I like a man of his word—be honest"—and he went off in high dudgeon.

"The advantage of universal service," says former President Taft, "is that it puts every man in the place best fitted for him."

"It's like the case of the captain of the man-of-war. He saw a new hand loafing by the rail.

"'What was this chap in civil life?' he demanded.

"'A milkman, sir,' was the reply.

"'Then,' roared the captain, 'to the pumps with him at once!'"

HONORS.

Wear them simply, gentlemen! Wear the laurel and the bay
Not as signs of pomp and pride, or as tokens for display
Lend no boastful tongue to them—he who does the best he can.
The men fall to honor him, passes by no less a man.

You who knew the smile of fame and are favored by the throng,
Take what men are pleased to give; honors fall where they belong.
But they tarnish and they fade and the glory in them dies
When men flaunt them vulgarly before their fellow-workers' eyes.

Honors do not change the man—they're but raiment to be worn;
Kings, with all their pomp and pride, may still be creatures fit for scorn.
Were you gentle? Were you kind? Now has honor come your way?
You have not changed one bit—you should still be kind today.

Wear them simply, gentlemen! Prize your medals if you will,
Take what men are pleased to give, but be meek and humble still.
Lend no boastful tongue to fame; this was true since life began—
He who has no crown to wear, still may be a noble man.

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SANDRA THE JEALOUS

By JANE PHELPS

SANDRA HAS A HAPPY BIRTHDAY

CHAPTER XXXII.

I made no reply to Barrett Edmonds when he spoke about bringing flowers had he known it was my birthday. Suddenly it had crossed my mind that perhaps Everett would not like it that he had called. It made me feel awkward and almost embarrassed for a moment. But as soon as he had placed some music on the piano and I had commenced trying it, I forgot everything but the pleasure of having him with me, and the music.

We sang together for about an hour. Trying a verse of one song then of another, I felt quite ashamed of my little almost uncultivated voice when I first heard him, but he was so kind, and said such nice, honest-sounding things to me, that I forgot all about my embarrassment and sang just as I would have done for dad or the home boys.

"Your voice is delicious," Barrett said when we had stopped and he was going. "You sing as naturally as a bird. If you will let me come and join you occasionally I shall be delighted."

"So shall I!" was my answer, given so heartily that I blushed and he looked pleased.

I rather dreaded telling Everett that he had called. Not that I had the slightest feeling that I had done anything wrong, but because I did not know Everett's wishes in the matter. I almost wished I had told him that Barrett had asked to call—I already thought of him as "Barrett"—it would be awful now to tell him he couldn't come again. Not the slightest idea of going against my husband's commands had occurred to me. In this as in everything I should do as he said—I would have to.

But Everett had been so kind in the morning, and it was my birthday. Perhaps he would be nice because of that. I dressed carefully before he came. He liked me always to dress for dinner, and when we were going to the play or the opera I always dressed for the evening before we dined. I wore a dress he particularly liked and my new bracelet, as well as the diamond and sapphire one. When he came in he complimented me, and kissed me. I told him I should have worn the bond pinned on my dress had I not been afraid I would lose it.

"I have had such a nice day," I said following him up stairs.

"What have you been doing?"

"I wrote letters all the morning. You see I didn't write both boys separately they are jealous. Then I had my luncheon, and started one of my new books. Then about 3 o'clock Mr. Edmonds called. I almost missed him. I was just thinking I would go out for a ride. And"—

"You had not known he was coming?"

"No," I answered truthfully, "but he said something about bringing his music at Mrs. Morgan's dinner last week. I happened to say I sang a little. He said he made a 'big noise' occasionally—he sings wonderfully—and asked if he might drop in some afternoon with his music. I had almost forgotten it when he appeared today. But we tried over the music he brought for about an hour, then he went away. Then I came right upstairs and dressed. So you see I have have a busy and a very nice day."

"Yes—I see." I didn't like Everett's tone, but I waited. I had hurried thru the story of the day trying to avoid laying special emphasis on Barrett Edmonds's call. I did it quite unconsciously at the time. But it must have shown Everett that I had not planned to do anything without telling him—or perhaps it would be better to say, "asking his permission."

However it was, he said nothing more, but proceeded to dress. It was not until I heard a cryptic remark he made long afterward that I was able to understand his attitude on my eighteenth birthday concerning Barrett Edmonds's call. I overheard him say:

"Often by making a thing take on prominence, you put thoughts into the heads of immature people which never would have otherwise come to them."

He must have thought that if he said I shouldn't receive Barrett Edmonds, a man whom his friends knew and received, he would make me ask questions, and perhaps attach more importance to Barrett's call than it really deserved.

I was gradually learning to keep still when Everett was inclined to be gracious; not to worry him by talking or questions. So now I left him alone to finish dressing.

"I will read until you are ready," I said, raising my face for another kiss. "You have only kissed me twice. You owe me 16 more," I said laughingly, then was so astonished I couldn't speak when he crushed me in his arms, and gave me many more than sixteen, I am sure.

I felt awfully embarrassed. It was almost as if some stranger had kissed me so fiercely. I ran from the room declaring I should have to rearrange my toilet instead of reading, because he had mussed me so.

When we sat down at the table half an hour later I understood the mysterious looks which had passed between Mrs. Gray and Betty. A lovely birthday cake with eighteen candles graced the center of the table. And they had trimmed the cloth with smilax, making it look just like a party. So I told them, to their delight, and Everett's amusement. But it was nice in them; and made me very happy.

(Tomorrow—Matchmaking.)

HEART AND BEAUTY PROBLEMS

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: You have made the remark that a girl should never allow a young gentleman to kiss her; then why is it that all the fellows try it, or if given the least encouragement will do it. It seems so disgusting to me.

I have gone with a young gentleman over a year, and under ordinary conditions have gone out twice a week with him, but he has never spoken of marriage or even that he cares for me. Do you think he has the right to take so much of my time as long as we are not engaged? I have tried to gradually cut down our spending so much time together, but it seems as though I cannot do it. He always kisses me before leaving and very often during the evening. Is it wrong?

I have noticed that when my girl friends and I go out they allow the fellows to kiss them and make a fuss over them, while I always discourage them, but it seems as though my friends get the dates, and very often the fellows make fun of me because I don't allow it. Why is this? Probably you think I am not as good looking as my friends, but in reality I am as good looking as they.

PERPLEXED.

You are mistaken about my saying that a girl should never allow a young man to kiss her. She should not until she is engaged, but then it is the most natural thing in the world. Affection should not be forbidden, not yet abused. When indulgence is given to promiscuous love-making affection is abused.

It is human nature to want to be loved and that is why boys try to kiss girls and girls are inclined to permit it. Everyone should have too much self-respect to make love as a pastime.

The young man has no right to kiss you without asking you to marry him. If he goes to see you as a friend only and is willing you should go with other young men, too, twice a week is not too often for him to come. Under the circumstances, however, it would be advisable for you to limit his calls to once a week. He is not treating you fairly.

Many young men and women cheapen themselves by too much kissing. Since you have more character and good taste than the others seem to possess, they make fun of you. Disregard their ridicule and do what you consider right.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Menu Hint.

BREAKFAST.
Stewed Prunes
Roman Meal
Buttered Toast
Coffee Top Milk

LUNCHEON.
Split Pea Soup
Sliced Cucumber—Boiled Dressing
Apple Pie Iced Tea

DINNER.
Lamb Shoulder Stew
Hominy Pickled Beets
Bread and Butter Iced Cocoa

Fruit Tapioca Pudding—Wash one-half cup of tapioca well and then place in a saucepan and add two cups of cold water. Bring to a boil and cook slowly until clear and the tapioca is soft. Add one cup of milk, one well beaten egg, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoon of vanilla.

Beat well to mix and then cook for fifteen minutes longer and then add one cup of crushed peaches. Cook for five minutes and then cool. Serve with crushed peach sauce.

DOROTHY DIX TALKS

BY DOROTHY DIX
World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

Women's Imagination.—1

A judge recently granted a new trial to a man on the ground that the accused was entitled to a rehearing of his case because he had been convicted on the evidence of women.

This blow is enough to kill mother, but his honor softened it by saying that altho woman's testimony on the witness stand wasn't worth a hill of beans as testimony, woman had, in reality, a higher moral sense than man. The only reason that she didn't tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth on the witness stand was because the exuberance of the feminine imagination prevented her from being able to distinguish between fact and fiction.

Little as those of us who are strong for the equality of the sexes, like to admit this, there is a certain degree of truth in the judge's contention. It must be admitted that, as a general thing, women haven't the faculty of seeing things straight. They see things upside down, or topsy-turvy, or cut on the bias and shirred in the middle, or like they want them to be, or like they should have been to be properly thrilling and dramatic.

This may disqualify them for being star witnesses in a murder trial, but it is what gives the salt and savor to ordinary every-day life, and enables us to endure it. Therefore, a lively imagination in good working order is not a drawback to a woman. It is her chief charm, and her most desirable asset, and she is to be congratulated upon possessing it.

One shudders to contemplate how dull society would become, if women were as unimaginative as men, and stuck as close to the literal facts. Conversation would degenerate into a series of grunts, because there would be nothing interesting to tell, and nothing anyone cared to hear.

People meet together in social intercourse to relate fairy stories concerning themselves and others, and to indulge in surmises about their neighbors. It is our favorite indoor sport. But how little we should have to say, what yawning abysses of deadly silence there would be if we only told the things we really know, just exactly as they happened!

Women are never guilty of this fault. They fetch out their imaginations and sew a few fancy stitches of embroidery, and lo, they have turned the most prosaic of situations into a romance or a scandal that makes us thrill with interest and excitement.

A man, for instance, will see a married woman and a handsome young fellow sitting together under the palms at a ball, and it is simply a couple of people, and a shrub to him, and nothing more. A woman sees the same couple, and the same palm out of the corner of her eyes, and she beholds in it a three volume novel full of misunderstanding, and broken hearts, and elopments—or else noble self-abnegation—and divorce, or a secret sorrow nobly born.

Why, it's women's imagination that is the mother of gossip and what should we do without gossip? It would be a dumb world and a dull one.

Dorothy Dix

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ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY ROY K. MOULTON

Women.

They're saucy and they're fickle, and
They're mighty hard to please.
We have to cater to them all
Upon our bended knees.
They're flighty and inquisitive,
Exasperatin', too;
And every man must find it out
Somehow before he's thru.
They reason with a suddenness
That makes a feller jump;
And they don't find it hard at all
To make him look a chump.

They can not give a reason for
A single thing they do.
They jump at a conclusion with
No valid cause in view.
They're fussy and they're frivolous;
Sometimes it seems that way.
They're tender and they're heartless and
They're mournful and they're gay.
They're prudish and they're reckless, and
In faith there's no abound.
They cost a lot of money, but
They're nice to have around.

Walter Pulitzer says: "The politicians who hired a piano and started practicing six hours a day when Paderewski was made premier of Poland are now beginning to wonder if it was worth while.

Especially in August.

Peculiarity of unrest, especially industrial unrest, is that sometimes it comes from low wages and again from sticky underwear. The two should not be confused.—Old John Wells.

Charles W. Mills says a friend of his was charged 90 cents an hour for the use of a pool table and, upon demonstrating, was told that it was on account of the high price of chalk. "Can you beat it?" asks Charlie. No, we can't beat it, but we can tie it. A friend of ours raised the price of beef sandwiches from 10 to 15 cents because beef had gone up 1 cent a pound.

There is good money in writing short stories for the magazines—good money for the federal government, for you must begin by buying about fourteen bushels of 2-cent stamps. That is the first step in becoming a successful story writer. The rest is easy. All you have to do is to get an idea, and then write a bright, breezy story around it. There are various ways of capturing elusive ideas.

The most practical is the personal experience way. You can go out in the street and be run over by an ice wagon or be bumped by an automobile. Either one is liable to suggest something romantic. Perhaps the ice wagon driver had a pretty daughter and she may nurse you back to robust health and you may find an affinity riding in the auto which bumps you.

After you have your short story all written, all you have to do is to sell it. That's where Uncle Sam comes to your assistance. He carries your story about the country several years at 2 cents a trip, with a 2-cent stamp inclosed for each return trip. It is very simple. After you have sent your story to all the magazines, start it all over again. On the third or fourth round some editor may accept it.

You are then 26 years old and the story has been written five years. When you reach the age of 50 your story will be paid for; and when you are 95, if you are very lucky, you will see your story in print and your grandchildren will read it to you.